A Blaze of Diamonds Follows Flaming Pudding at a Dinner Party.

It was two days before the wedding, and Judge Josiah Marcellus had come down to Blantwood to witness the marriage army officer Prince McTeague, even as three years before he had been the guest of honor at the nuptials of her sister, Seanne, with staid and elderly John

As was his due, the pleasantest, quietest suite in the rambling old mansion, that in the second story of the library wing, had been assigned to the Judge-a private sitting room, a bedroom and bath, and in

folks in the parlor on to their pleasures with apt and courtly phrase, and then to plead his years and infirmities as an excuse for retiring to his own rooms. Once se-cluded there in one of the two easy chairs drawn up before the deep red coals on the sitting room hearth, he touched the bell on the stand in summons of Jenkinson.

Sit down, Cronkite," said the Judge, himself swinging about the vacant chair. I suppose you want to know the situation which I brought you here to elucidate and

remedy?"
"I should like to hear your version of it, sir," answered the detective.

Humph! Though that may not be the same thing, hey? Well, then, subject to your superior wisdom, it is as follows, wy source of information being that vague and unreliable source the master of

gent parent to his two motherless chil-dren. He built a fine house for Jeanne just put up as fine a house by its side for Julie. He gave Jeanne when she was mar-

Julie. He gave Jeanne when she was married the handsomest necklace and girdle of diamonds I had ever seen until he showed me this evening the duplicates of those which he has bought for Julie.

"You recollect that as I was starting I got a telegram from Nason asking me to bring down a shrewd, close mair for private incuiry? Of course you do, or you wouldn't be here. Well, it seems an hour before his daughter Jeanne came to him in the deepest distress.

"Her diamonds, which she had had her husband, Mr. Krantz, bring from the safety deposit vault the night before for each of the thief is far more probable."

"How do you dare entangle me in such a maze of false sudposition!" oried Mrs. Krantz in a sudden fury. "You have led me on and on, taking advantage of my desire to be frank with you, my natural anxiety and distress, only to misconstrue ever what you made me sav.

"Of course I didn't walk in my sleep. Of course there is no one I would shield. My associates, sir, are persons of honor. Of course I want the thief apprehended and his booty recovered."

an hour before his daughter Jeanne came to him in the deepest distress.

"Her diamonds, which she had had her husband, Mr. Krantz, bring from the safety deposit vault the night before for her to wear at the coming festivities, were missing. She had looked them in a secret drawer of her desk in her own bedroom on retiring. In the morning this drawer was still locked, but it was ampty.

mpty.
"Mr. Nason adjured his daughter to
effect.' His instructions to you are tworefrecy. His instructions to you are two-fold. First, you must guard the dismonds he has bought for Julie. Second, you must recover the diamonds stolen from oust recover the diamonds stolen from eanne.
"That is my version, subject to any

mendments you may have to propose."
Cronkite sat for a moment in allence, tudying the flashes that came and went in the heart of the fire like inspirations in he steady course of thought.

"Do you believe in coincidences, air?"
It length he asked.

"Do you believe in coincidences, sir?" at length he asked.
"Coincidences?" answered the Judge.
"Verily, I do. They are inevitable in so small and crowded a world, where so many persons think and act alike. By the same token they are one of the most fruit-ful causes of failure of proof in cases at law. I hope, Abe, you are not falling into the common error of mistaking similarity for identity?"

"No," ans "But suppose the similarity lies in a distinctive personal trait. What then, sir? Here is an instance in point:

"Indeed, ma'am, I

Here is an instance in point:

"Three years ago, as you may remember, I investigated the mysterious theft of the Colden diamonds through the substitution of paste stones. It was the old, triangular trouble—an elderly husband, a young wife, a needy lover.

"I made Palz, that most skilful artificer and counterfeiter of gems, confess. "The lover disgorged and decamped. Colden whisked his wife off to Europe. The matter was settled, with no one the wiser nor the better, either, I fear."

"Well, well!" snapped the Judge. "What of it? There have been rascals both before and since Agamennon."

"This, sir. One morning when I was waiting for Pelz in one of his string of private offices there came from the next room, where a secret client must also have been waiting, a low whistle, meditative, unconscious."

have been waiting, a low whistle, meditative, unconscious.

"It was a most peculiar note, sir; shrill, discordant, according to our ideas of harmony, yet with a wild charm of its own. I retained it in my memory. From time to time I tried to locate it and label it away in my mental cabinet of useless knowledge which some day may be useful.

"At length I succeeded. That whistle, idly blown through habit, was nothing more or less than the call of a Moqui medicine man used in enchanting snakes for the sacred snake dance.

"For the Lord's sake, Cronkite, let go of the instance and get down to the point."

"Who then, sir, in the midst of our

rear, while mine are in the front of the second floor. My dear sinter Julie stayed with me that night. We both slept soundly. I know I had a headache from

have read that it usually follows som-Mrs. Krants looked up with a sort of mazed relief. "You don't think, you surely don't think, that I took them in my sleep?

"What else am I to think from you say? You yourself have eliminated every agency except yourself."
"I never did such a thing but once in my life. That was when I was a young

sitting room, a bedroom and bath, and in the rear but connected by a private hallway a smaller room for his demure and decent serving man.

It was natural after dinner for the Judge to have a long and confidential talk in the library with his host, Abram Nason, the friend and client of many years. It was even more natural when this was over for him to speed the young folks in the parlor on to their pleasures with his deam of the rear but connected by a private hall girl. I had been very much excited. "Therefore? Therefore? You mean therefore I must have been very much excited the other night? How acute you are. Well, I was very much excited earlier in the evening, painfully excited. It was hours before I could sleep."

"I don't ask the cause of your excitement unless it might indicate what you did with the diamonds if you took them in your sleep."

did with the diamonds if you took them in your sleep."

"No, no; it was purely a mental struggle, of which my dear sister was ignorant; in which I came forth conqueror, God be thanked."

"Have you had such a struggle before?" asked Cronkite with a gentleness new to the interview.

"Once; three years ago. My dear Julie was staying with me on my return from my wedding journey."

"And you had the diamonds then in the same secret repository?"

"And you had the diamonds then in the same secret repository?"

"Yes. Mr. Krants took them the very next day to the safety deposit vault. They remained there until he brought them the other day. I am not fond of dress. I don't care to wear them. Indeed, I should not mind their loss as I do were it not—"

"Were it not, madam, that you fea

"You had to report that the diamonds were missing as you were expected to wear them at the wedding. Perhaps that is why your father, at your instigation doubtless, insisted on secrecy." You hope against hope that the gems may be restored in time. Let me tell you plainly that from my present view the detection of the thief is far more probable."

covered.

"But there is nothing in what I have said or could say that would help you in the slightest degree. I think I need detain you no longer."

"You are a good woman, madam," said Cronkite, as he rose to go. "I beg your pardon, humbly and from the heart."

"You beg my pardon? Why?"

"Because for a time I doubted your goodness."

As Julie Nason came from the library with the shagreen case in her pretty, slim hands, Jenkinson, the serving man,

met her in the hall.

"I beg pardon, Miss. for stopping you." he said with a respectful bow, "but your father instructed me to keep a close eve on his wedding present to you. I see you have the diamonds with you now. Are you going to wear them

going to show them to the friends dining . You needn't give yourself any concern. I am quite competent

offered, or so dert a watter as senkinson, the serving man. There was something appetizing in the way he proferred a dish, while he twisted a napkin about the neck of a bottle with an air of true hospitality. Then, too, he was so noiseless, so unob-trusive. It is doubtful if even the Judge himself knew that this piece of the per-fection of a perfect dinner was the sharer of his professional secrets and the worker

of his will. Perhaps, though, it was not the ex cellence of the dinner that altogether held the guests, one and all, so absorbed. To Cronkite's quick wits, behind the set mask and guise of regulation a pervading

aprinkled copiously the shagreen case and the gens nestling on its satin cushion. There was a burst of flame that drove the guests from their seats with cries of alarm, alarm that changed into amazement, as Jenkinson extinguished the fire which he had with such careful carelessness ignited. Where the diamonds had shimmered and sparkled was a black and grimy vacancy, save as bits of curled grimy vacancy, save as bits of curlect cinder clung to the filigree setting.

Comprehension that the diamonds bad Comprehension that the diamonds had actually been consumed wrought varying effects on the company Capt. McTeague sprang to his feet with an oath, as if he would hurry away. Then meeting the steady aspect of Mr. Krantz, who was patting poor Jeanne's hands as they picked and twitched, he settled back non-

chalantly in his seat.

The imperturbable Jenkinson took his station behind the Judge's chair, first breathing a few words in the judicial ear. The humbler relatives bobbed heads be-wilderedly and began a confused discussion as to the precise meaning of the word adamant." Pretty Julie chose the better

art of valor and swooned
"What kind of a plant is this?" growled Mr. Nason. "Have I been done out of a cold sixty thousand in a puff of smoke?" "Better lose your diamonds than your daughter, Nason," remarked Mr. Krantz dryly, "I believe I have generally been considered a steady and stupid old codger who need not be regioned with," he went ordinary circumstances, but at this time when I feel that the happiness of my be-loved wife and the honor of her family are

no one leave this room, Cronkite; do you understand?"

Jenkinson, behind the Judge's chair, nodded gravely as he held a revolver in the crotch of his folded arm.

"I realize," continued Mr. Krantz firmly, yet bending so as to draw his wife close to him—"I realize that my marriage was considered a marriage of convenience. This was inevitable, in view of the disparity of age habit and temperament between my wife and myself.

"Nevertheless I loved her truly and fondly then, even as I truly and fondly love her how. I know that her remantic nature had been shocked by a socundrel who had played fast and loose with her affections, only to decide that in her sister he would find a more pliquit companion for his de-

ogether."
"Mark the perfect man," mocked Capt.

"Mark the perfect man," mocked Capt.

"Mark the perfect man," mocked Capt.

"Silence!" ordered Judge Marcellus; and as Cronkite behind him levelled his pistol significantly McTeague with true military acumen submitted to a show of force.

"I must admit, however." Mr. Krantz proceeded, "that shortly after our return from our wedding trip this belief waned almost into despair. My wife gave me her diamonds to place in safety deposit.

"Some triffing difference caused me to take them to a jeweller. He told me that what I brought him was a base imitation, paste diamonds in fact.

"I believed, and I humbly crave her pardon for it. I believed that she had given the genuine gems to this scoundrel, and had received from him the counterfeits to put in their place. So believing, our relations became as formal as they have seemed to you all.

"Now I have reason to think, through the clearer judgment of a wiser man, that she never gave them wittingly. Tell me, Jeanne, my beloved, is not this so? I entreat you by our future, so dear, so near?"

But Jeanne Krantz shook her head,

But Jeanne Krantz shook her head, though she pressed her husband's hand to her lips.

"Poor old Jesmie!, So silly, so dear!" cried Julie, springing most unexpectedly into full consciousness from her swoon. "Is it so that you really do care for John? Then you shall have him and he shall have you to your hearts' content.

"Know, then, one and all, that I worked on poor Jennie's feelings so that she fetched me the diamonds in her sleep and put the paste jewels in their place. I always could do it when I took the trouble. I did it because my scoundrel, who is a pretty good fellow for all he is so reckless and unprincipled, was in an awful fix and needed money quick and sharp.

"Indeed, ma'am. I think you are more wide awake than your sister," and Cronkite passed down the rear way, indifferent to the look of puszled ill favor his remark had elicited.

Bobbins, the old family butler, was glad to avail himself of the services, freely offered, of so deft a waiter as Jenkinson, the serving man. There was something appetizing in the way he proffered a dish, while he twisted a napkin about the neck "You don't mind if we so together."

kindled."

"You don't mind if we go together now, sir, do you?" asked McTeague of the gasping and fuming Nason, as he passed over to Julie's side. "It will be prudent for our wedding to be private, and the diamonds which I have will keep

"Which you had," corrected Cronkite quietly, holding up another shagreen case. "Of course I took this from your portmanteau just before dinner was served."
"Nevertheless, shall we go, Julie?" asked McTeague.
"To the ends of the earth," answered the girl.

concording a coordinate to our ideas of the chinner that altogether held be referred. Freshing of this process of the control of the control

S HE SMOKES AND RHYMES HE DISCUSSES TOBACCO

nd Tries to Answer the Question Whether There Have Not Been Some Poets Who Made a Living Without Smoking

The poet, as was his habit, was blowing grotesque wreaths of amoke into the drapery of his wife's curtains from a cork tipped cigarette. He insisted upon cook tips because they contributed, subtly perhaps, to the lightness of his imagery. If he had been a poet of the highest order he might have been smoking a Perfecto or even a Calumet, but he was merely a minor poet and he could not afford except in fancy the luxuries indulged in by some of the great versifiers of the past.

fiers of the past.

He looked as if he might be wrestlin with a rhyme. He was not the sort of poet to resent interruption from his better half, who sat in a rooker opposite darning her little boy's socks, so he was not put out when she mildly and with a suspicion of a humorous twinkle in her eye asked him if fumigation contributed to inspiration. He said he had been reflecting for some time on the subject and had been unable to come to any definite conclusion.

"Many of the poets, and I mean real poets," he said, "have credited to the pacifying influence of nicotine some of their sweetest creations. I have read that Tennyson smoked half a dosen cigars

perfecting one of the most striking stanzas of 'Locksley Hall'."

"I fear," said the poet's wife, "that if you were to do that on some of you own rerses you would smoke up all the revenue hat you might get from them."
"But think," said the poet, "of the fam

"Fame," said the lady of the house may be all very well for the future, but does not pay for the yarn that goes into the baby's stocking. Why do poets have to smoke anyhow? Do all the poets moke? Have there not been some poets who made a living without smeking?"

After permitting several wreathe from his cigarette to aureole his brow, the poet remarked, "I believe there have been many poets who have not smoked so far as can recall their biographies or autobiographies. I cannot remember having read that Poe was a smoker, but his poetry did not pay. Longfellow, I believe, possibly through the force of his Puritanical anestry, did not smoke, but if we take Poe's riticism seriously, Longfellow should not be considered a true poet. Shelley, who was a vegetarian, and therefore not so virile as the meat eating Byron, did not

who was a vegetarian, and therefore not so virile as the meat eating Byron, did not smoke."

"And Shakespeare," said the poet's wife, "was not a smoker either."

"No," said the poet, "but he might have been if the English people of his time had been introduced to the weed. Shakespeare was in that respect like Alexander. Cæsar and other great Greeks and Romans of the past, who did not smoke because it was not a habit of the times. But perhaps if Alexander, who indulged in many forms of dissipation, had smoked his forty or fifty cigars a day, he might have found still more worlds to conquer.

"It seems to me," said the poet's wife. "that if the great men of the past got along without smoking, the great men of the present also should be able to do so."

"Great men," replied the poet, "usually indulge in the expensive habits of their eras. There are many things that the great men of the past got along without, including electric lights, steam heat, the locomotive and the four day turbine steamship, but no one would say that these are not good because the encients did not have them. We take chief delight in the things that we could get along without if we were so pleased. Mankind still has the tendency to say with Buckle. Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessaries."

"Is smoking a luxury?" the poet's wife

"Is smoking a luxury?" the poet's wife asked.

"That," said the poet, "is one of the problems of the ages. The medical men who smoke sometimes prescribe tobacco as a sedative. The medical men who do not smoke do otherwise. It is said that nicotine, which is in all tobacco, kills in three minutes, and that there is from 2 to a per cent. in the ordinary forms of the weed. I believe that smoking increases mental activity in my case, and mental activity is a form of inspiration."

"Apparently," said the poet's wife, "it did not facilitate the inspirational power of Tennyson or he would not have smoked so many cigars over one stanza."

"But that," remarked the poet, "was a perfect stanza."

"Don't you think," asked the poet's wife, "that if he had spent all the time thinking that he did in smoking he would have completed that perfect stanza somewhat sooner?"

"I do not know," said the poet. "It may be that he needed the dope of the nicotine to give his nerves the steadiness necessary to create, to criticise and to perfect his inspiration, and just look at the poems that have been written by smokers about smoking, the pipe dreams that have been built about pipes.

"Why, I feel almost capable myself of reeling off, under the influence of this cigarette and your own placid presence, a verse on smoking. Perhaps it might be worth while to try Sir Walter Raleigh's feathered calumet as a theme. Think of the rhymes you can get to calumet, not to mention cigarette. Pardon me a minute while I rhapsodise," and he rhapsodized as follows:

When in the gloomy tower confined.

Perhaps to lighten metancholy.

When in the gloomy tower confined.
Perhaps to lighten metancholy.
To banish from his brooding mind
Thoughts of the sins of Walter Raleigh.
Thoughts that were tinged with vain, regret,
He may have smoked a calumet.

The true and false were mingled with The deeds and misdeeds of Sir Waiter; Like narratives of Capt. Smith, They make the muse of history falter.

Of glory he has won enough
To drown the memory of his felly—
We bless the solace of the puff
Bequeathed by daring Walter Raleight
Indeed we never shall forget—
His venture with the calumest "Do you really think he ever did smoke

"Do you really think he ever did smoke a calumet?"

"What else could he have smoked at that period? That is what the Powatana offered him, I guess. Of course he might have indulged in the luxury of a corncob. That is if the Chesapeake Indians had corncobs, like the modern natives of the Chesapeake country."

"At all events he could not have smoked a cigarette, as that is a purely modern form of nicotine."

"My dear, the nicotine in a cigarette is not as apparent as the alcohol in an apple, with which they make hard cider or Jersey applejack. According to the experts there is hardly any nicotine in Turkish tobacco, and that is the kind I have in this cigarette."

"Do the Turks smoke their own cigarettes? I have always had the impression that they indulged in nothing but long bowled pipes."

"I believe the sultans have been pictured smoking big bubble pipes. You might say:

Prom smoke wreaths feshions wreaths of giory.

"Do you really think," said the poet's wife, "that the great warriors of history have been amokers?"

"Well," said the poet, "Gen. Grant, who achieved more victories than any other commander of the civil war, was an inveterate smoker. He smoked before the battle, in it and after it.

"But Gen. Lee," said the poet's wife, some of whose ancestors had served in the Confederate army, "was not a smoker, I believe."

In undiscovered tembs they stay Deep in the strate of the past. The kings of dateless Yesterday— Perhaps we'll dig them up at last And we, the monarche of a date That shall be dateless in the vast Uncalendared roll call of Fate— Perhaps they'll dig us up at last!

"That," and the poet's wife, "is not poetry but pessimism. You have mentioned the warriors and poets of distinction who have been smokers. How about the philosophers?"
"Cf course," said the poet, "the greatest of the ancient philosophers, on whose theories most of modern philosophy is founded, were not smokers because there was no smoking then, but I believe if they were living now they could not resist the meditative influence of the weed. I think you will find that the larger number of the modern thinkers use tobaccoin some form.

I think you will find that the larger number of the modern thinkers use tobacco in some form.

"It is Nature's greatest gift to mankind in the way of a luxury. Its uses have been multiform. Once it was the currency of Virginia, and in 1821 girls from England, designated in the records of the time as 'maidens incorrupt,' were sold to the Colonists for one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco each, which is not half so dear as the price the Pittsburg millionaire might pay for a chorus girl. Think of a chorus girl worth her weight in cigaretts! That is worth a poem all by itself."

"What do you know about chorus girls?" asked the poet's wife with a suggestion of asperity in her tone.

The poet did not answer, but hurried on to another phase of his musing.

"Why is it," he asked, "when we think of pipes we simultaneously conjure up the swagrering form of the bold hight Walter Raleigh? Also we recall the story of his valet, who when he first eaw Sir Walter smoking dashed a basin of water over him, believing that he was affre.

"I think this story is about as probable as George Washington and his little hatchet, but if we reject the improbabilities of history we would not have much else to believe. Give me the traditions. The unpoetic and the commercial can have the facts. I prefer fairy stories to real history. I am going to believe the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's pipe."

"How did you teet," asked Good Queen Bess. "When drenched by that internal but!"

Raleigh's pipe."
"How did you leet," asked Good Qu
"When drenched by that infernal h
The knight replied. "I must confess
I felt a little bit put out."

"Ha, ha! a merry jest," cried Bess In jesting taking much delight.

"Sir Walter. I should rather guess
You leit more like a damp had knight!"

"If that," said the poet's wife, "is sample of the inspiration of clearett I advise you to smoke hereafter the vir cabbage of Connecticut." THE WRECKING TRAIN. Railroad Men Who Get Busy When

It takes just about five minutes for the N. Y., to get under way when a wreck tory covered by this crew, a distance of a tonder

THE PROPHECY OF A TINKLEPAUGH Aunt Sally Recalls an Interrupted

Elopement of Her Younger Days. CHESTER, N. Y. Dec. 18.- Aunt Sally Beckendarter was knittin's pair of yarn aftiens red as the wattles on the old turkey gobbler struttin' an' draggin'

his wings out in the yard," said the man who alleges Pochuck to be the place he comes from, "an' of setch commojus spread that Unele David had a pooty stiff idee o' what was goin' to become of one as well as I had, an' he winked at me behind Aunt Sally's back an' made deef an' dumb motions with his mouth, which said as plain as though he'd 'a' hollered 'em out to me: "'Christmas present. Cousin Marcellus Merriweather

David, as much as to say, 'Yes, I know it!' An' he chuckled an' stirred the it!' An' he chuckled un' stirred the mutton taller in the sasser on the stove, gittin' it ready for greasin' his boots, for the weather was oncommon mussy under foot, though fine an' pleasant everhead, but that wa'n't the direction Unde David was expectin' for to go, not jest yet.

"If I'd 'a' had the markin' of him for bein' identified I bet I would 'a' hi the idee right on the head, fer I'd marked him. 'David Beckendarter is my name, Pochuck is my station, earth is my dwellin

Pochuck is my station, earth is my dwellin', place, Ben Dusenberry's my destination.'

"Jost then Aunt Sally fetched her mittin' needles a click an' a snap, an' heaved one o' them sighs o' hern.

"Heigh, hel' she sighs, 'How youthful hopes does vanish like the dew drop in the sun,' says she, 'an' disapp'int he sun,' says she, 'an' disapp'int here." ments flourish like fuzzy mullen stalks in the stony pastur's!"
"Whenever Aunt Sally heaves them

taller sputterin' on the stove. Aunt Sally, give a sniff or two at it an' says: says she, 'Rhadamanthus,' says she, 'set that mutton taller offen the stove!'

"I sot it off, an' arter Aunt Sally had jingled them knittin' needles o' hern a while so amazin' that the red yarn looked like she was acshly playin' with a streak

o' fire, she says:

"Rhadamanthus,' says she, 'my good ol' daddy, Barcelony Tinklepaugh, was mebbe the perspicaciousest man that ever had all the p'ints of a hose down fine. an' was the only man, so I've heard, that ever swapped hosses twenty-seven times in one day, an' then went home with the same hoss he begun with, an' \$47 in cash, a set o' double harness, an' a dimmy-orat wagon besides. But for all that he was so oncommon perspicacious an' fur seein' he wa'n't worth shucks at

when I was a snip of a gal, Rhada-manthus, says Aunt Sally, 'we lived down Peppercotton way, an' life was jest hoppin' and' akippin'—one giddy, dizzy, dissipatin' round o' singin' schools, an' apple cuts, an' donation visits, an' kag oysters, an' spellin' down matches, an' cider 'n apple sass an' dancin' schools an' Fourth o' July picnics. an' setch. New York Central wrecking crew at Utica, time, an' had y'arnin's.

N. Y., to get under way when a wreck "Youthful hopes comes up like mush-

rooms, Rhadamanthus,' says Aunt Sally, west of Albany, which is the usual terri- sighin' ag'in, 'an' sinks down ag'in like eighty-seven miles to the eastward. chin whiskers, Rhadamanthus, I ever Five minutes is the time required if the wreck happens in the daytime. If the 21 I thought them whiskers showed accident happens at night the use of the staminy. It wa'n't long 'fore my pitty-

and the taken required if the control of the contro

he says, "an' you'll marry the best man in the huil county yit," says he.

"Showin', Rhadamanthus," says Aunt Sally, 'that though my o' daddy was the perspicaciousest an'—"

"Uncle David came back jest then a" as he come in Aunt Sally stopped a eccond an' fixin' Uncle David with her a archin' an' penetratin' eye she says:

"Well, never you mind, Sally," says my o' daddy. "You'm an amasin' slick gal," he says, "an' you'll marry the best man in the county yit!" he says. My o' daddy, 'Aunt Sälly went in "a say, was the perspicaciousest man that ever had the p'ints of a hose down fine, says she with her s'archin' an penetratin' eye fixed on Uncle David, 'but as a prophet,' says she, he didn't amount so shucks, 'says she, an' she clanked them knittin' needles amongst that red yarn like pitchforks thrashin' a bush fire.

"Uncle David put the mutton taller sasser back on to the stove, melted the taller an' greased his boots." Then he got up, rolled his eyes to the ceilin', sighe taller an' greased his boots." Then he got up, rolled his eyes to the ceilin', sighe talled an' says.

IDEAS, NOT FANCIES.

The Retired Literary Man Lays D "When in doubt—don't.

"That, gentlemen," said; make iterary man to his class of arroyoung literary aspirants, "would good maxim for you to hang up your writing table, its appli you being:

"Don't write unless you have least some feature of it sharply don't try to write it-now, and if you can so train and so We have many pleasing bright as they may be, sighs o' hern it always seems to come to Uncle David all of a suddent that he must 'a' fergot to feed the pigs; an' he goes right out to see about it. That's what he done this time, follered till the for the more you work over them the you will rend them till you has of them but colorless shreds and p dry and useless, like so many dus

what profound satisfaction!—istory's foliage discern some of thosing fancies that once had charm now come back to you, serving their only true function, to adorn.

Bakers are not perhaps generally aware that up to a certain point tomatous can be used with advantage in the manufacture of a bread that has the fine flavor of the fruit, with its stimulating as nourishing properties; while besides, the bread will keep longer and moister than ordinary bread.

The bread has the characteristic color of the tomato. All that is required to that the tomato mash, after being submitted to a sterilizing temperature, should be carefully screened through a sieve and then used as part of the mixture.

ECZEMA SIX WEEKS

Itching, Burning Eruption from Head to Foot - Doctor Gave Her Up Entirely—First Application of Cuticura Brought Relief and Sleep.

CUTICURA REMEDIES EFFECT PERFECT CURE



"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible ecosma, being a mass of sores from head to fees and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first weeks. At the end of that time I we able to be about the house, entired cured, and have felt no ill effects since I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nenning, 200 Main St., Watertown, N. Y., April 14, 1999."

Cuticura Soap Soothing, Cooling, Refreshi

for Tender Skins. Because of its delicate, emailient sanative, antiseptic properties and resident from Cuticura, united with the purces of saponaceous ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura Scap is unrivalled for cleanaing, preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for dispelling itching, irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disfiguring facial eruptions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, genery hair, will find that Cuticura Scap realisms overy expectation.

Guicura Soap (25c.), Cutacura Offstraces (25c.) and Cuttoura Stap (25c.), Cutacura Offstraces (25c.) and Cuttoura Resolvent (25c.) or in the forms of Sections Consider Print Sec., per visa 15 con a set Section (25c.) and Cuttourant Avantage Control Consider Print Section (25c.) and Consider Section (25c.) and